

The Weekly Shelby News.

BY HENRI F. MIDDLETON.

VOL: 16:—NO: 31.

[TRUTH AND OUR NATIVE LAND—FEARLESSLY, FAITHFULLY, AND FIRMLY.]

SHELBYVILLE, KY., AUGUST 1, 1855.

(\$2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

WHOLE NO: 811.

The Weekly Shelby News,
Devoted to Politics, Literature, Miscellaneous, and
General Intelligence, is the Largest and most
village newspaper published in the State; and will
be sent free of postage in Shelby county, to single
subscribers, at

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR,
IN ADVANCE.

or \$2 50 payable within six months after subscription,
and the amount will be collected in monthly installments,
and due, and charged with interest. No paper
discontinued (except at the option of the Editor) will
be liable to all arrangements made.

A failure to notify ad-
vertisers—will be considered a new engagement,
and the paper will be reprinted.

For advertising procuring us FIVE subscribers and
completing in \$10, will receive a copy one year gratis.
20 copies \$30; and larger clubs at the same rate.

27 All letters and communications through the post
office to the Editor must be sent free of postage.

The Shelby News.

OF JOHN W. PRUETT, Esq., is our Agent
for the Shelby News, and is fully authorized to receive sub-
scriptions and advertisements for the Shelby News, and
to receive and receipt for payment of the same.

27 Mr. S. H. FARNY, Newspaper Agent,
60 Main street, west Wall, is our Agent
in Cincinnati, Ohio, to receive subscriptions
and advertisements for the Shelby News, and receipt
for the payment thereof.

27 Powers CRANE & CO., No. 27, South Third
Street, Philadelphia, are our authorized to receive
and receipt for advertisements for the Shelby News.

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20 copies \$30; and larger clubs at the same rate.

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The circulation of the Shelby Weekly News is
large, and is constantly increasing. As a medium of
communicating with the public, its general and wide
circulation affords rare opportunities. Terms are as
follows:

For 12 lines or less, one insertion, \$1 00
Each additional insertion, 25

Post and Processing Notices, each, 1 50

For 12 lines or less three months, 4 00

For 12 lines or less six months, 7 00

For 12 lines or less twelve months, 12 00

Quarter a column 12 months, or a column 3, 30 00

Half a column 12 months, or a column 6, 40 00

One column for 12 months, 60 00

27 Announcement of Marriage and Death
of the greatest Ohioans. Notice of Res-
pect, will be charged 4 cents per each eight
words;—the money to accompany the manuscript.

27 Regular advertisers and all others sending com-
munications, or requiring notices, designed to call at-
tention to any particular subject, when charges are
made, all notices of general circulation, or
every notice designed to call attention to private enter-
prises, or calculated to intend to promote the personal interests of individuals; or that do not pertain to the public welfare, will be charged
as follows:

27 Thomas S. PAGE, of Franklin,
FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION;

27 JOHN D. MATTHEWS, of Fayette
FOR CONGRESS;

27 HUMPHREY MARSHALL, of Henry,
FOR REPRESENTATIVES;

27 JOSEPH TEVIS and A. C. BROWN.

27 NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

27 Baptist Female College. By the Prospectus of
the "Kentucky Female College," it will be seen that
the project in contemplation on the part of the
Baptist Union, is to call into existence a school
of education of this country, to have a Female
College under its management, and for the use of
the public. It is to be a school of education, and
the management, then the Society will be entitled
of all concerning interests, but to interfere.

27 The management committee hereby disclaims their
commission, and trust, that it will be thought
of the time to inform our fellow-citizens of a differ-
ent language of the principles and endeavours of the
Free Germans. We are ready to do so, and to
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and of communicating to the members of Congress and
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AMERICANS SHALL RULE AMERICA.
The Shelby News is the largest and cheapest
village newspaper published in Kentucky.
Subscriptions will be due and payable with interest
six months after subscribing, at which time all sub-
scriptions will be due and payable.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1855.

From The Shelby News—Extra, of Saturday.

To the People of Shelby:

We call your attention to the following article, which appeared in the "Louisville Times" on Friday, the 27th of July, inst. Read it, fellow-citizens—read it, and re-read it; so you may fully appreciate the baseness of the attack upon you. Give it to your neighbors—let them read it. Let all comprehend the estimate Col. PRESTON and his special organ and friends place upon you:

From the Louisville Times, July 27.

SHELBY COUNTY.—We have often been asked the question how Shelby county will vote in the race for Congress, and what will probably be her majority? We answer that there is no doubt but she will vote for Marshall, and that her majority for him will be large—probably as high as 500, and it may be even larger.

Shelby county is one of the most extraordinary in the State. We venture to say that there is no other county in the State which is divided into so many factions, nor one which is cursed with so many petty upstart leaders, most of whom are attempting to ride upon some miserable hobby into the control of the county. In her character she reminds one strongly of the "reformed highwayman," or of the "puritan and the black-leg" combined in the same person.

Her interests and at heart she is pro-slavery; and yet there are those within her limits who assume a holy and pious horror at slavery; and turn their interesting eyes with hypocritical reverence to heaven at the very thought of their responsibility for it.

Others amongst them are determined to win for themselves great reputation as reformers, and they have pitched upon the temperance hobby by which to addle the heads of all the thin-pated old men and women in the county, and by which they have made old Shelby the laughing stock of the whole State.

Others again there are who are great "politicians," and imagine that "the eyes of the whole Union are upon them"—that "mighty things are expected of them," and that "old Shelby" is expected "to do HER duty," let the balance of the world do what it will.

At the head of all these different parties and factions stand a full assortment of knaves and numskulls, with here and there, scattered at long intervals, an honest man. As may be expected, the fools predominate, and are made use of by the knaves. One of the most prominent of all these leaders—one who is ever ready to sell out to any faction, and who is alternately used and kicked aside by all—is the whining, canting, hypocritical reptile, Middleton, the editor of the Shelby News. He is the abolitionist or slavery man, or conservative or Maine-lawite, saint or rascal, as he is paid more or less. Any party can use him whenever it desires for a pittance, and he will define the character of the best man in the State for a ducor.

It is by no means wonderful then, with such divisions and such leaders, that Shelby county should be filled with base passions, petty rivalries, and the most sickly and contemptible fanaticism. It is not wonderful that it should be the home of know-nothingism, and that fanaticism swallow up every thing else.

No one will be astonished, therefore, when he hears Shelby county Whigs speak of know-nothingism as a most brilliant device by which to catch Democrats! The Shelby county know nothing has not given up Whiggery. He has only put it aside for a time to catch Democrats by the know nothing trap, and he is prepared to take up Whiggery again at the tap of the drum. He is very much tickled at the manner in which they have "caught" the Democrats of Shelby, and it is certain the same thing has been very generally done all over the State. He is positively provoked at the stupidity of Preston and other old line Whigs, that they cannot see the "nice trick," that has been played off on the "knave," and he blames Preston that the thing has been a partial failure. He is sure that if Preston had not been a numskull, every loco-foco in the district would have been caught.

Such is Shelby county. Such are its leaders. Such are the mordas which govern it. And yet it has had and still has some good and true men. The lamented A. S. White and his party had done much, and were doing much more, to bring order out of the chaos that existed in the county. He did much to dissipate the miserable ills which political demagogues had fastened upon the county. In a different direction other conservative men—those who supported William C. Bullock for the Senate—labor to give dignity to the politics of the county. But since the death of Mr. White, the Maine Law and Emancipation party, with the lame McHenry as leader, and the Shelby News as fugleman, has taken possession of the know nothing councils, and is wielding them for the personal benefit of the vilest demagogues, and for the prostration of every honest man in the county. Know nothingism is indeed the natural ally of Emancipation and Maine-lawism, and the McHenry faction have rushed into it with a zeal and in numbers to warrant the overthrow of all liberal or conservative principles.

The friends of Col. Preston will understand why it is that then Shelby county will vote against him by some 500 majority. It is a combination of know nothing fanaticism, Maine lawism, and the Emancipators, led on by fanatic demagogues and unscrupulous tricksters for their own personal aggrandizement and benefit. It is the Jacobin spirit of the county warning for place and power, regardless of the true interests of the county, or of the State, or of the Union.

Whether the conservative men of Shelby will sit still in these foul counsels of Jacobinism and see their county prostituted to the base uses of the demagogues who are leading it to ruin, is yet to be seen. Whether the democrats who have been trapped into this false position are willing to be led like sheep to the slaughter by the crop-eared hypocrite of the Shelby News, is yet to be proven. And whether the number of liberal and intelligent gentlemen who constitute the conservative party of the county, are prepared to surrender all the principles of their lives into the keeping of the fanatical Emancipators and Maine Lawites, is yet to be determined. Doubtless there is the most giddy chuckling amongst the fanatics at their success in trapping the conservative Democrats and Whigs into their meshes, and if they

suffer themselves to be used by these fellows to the defeat of Preston, they had as well hereafter give up their consciences to the keeping of Middleton, and never dare again assert an independent thought except by written permission from Martin D. McHenry and the Emancipation clique.

We are greatly disappointed in our estimate of the People of Shelby county, if they permit this wanton and unprovoked attack to pass without rebuke.—The annuals of Billinggate and Blackguardism can show nothing to compare to it. We need not tell the two thousand readers of "The Shelby News," in this county, that, so far as we are concerned, the whole piece, its every statement, from its *alpha* to its *omega*, is ONE MONSTROUS AND BLACK LIFE; and the author is a *vile and black-hearted LIAR*; and who endorses and approves the article in the same category—is AS BASE AND VILE AS THE AUTHOR HIMSELF.

The "Times" is not only the leading organ of Col. WILLIAM PRESTON,—but it has been bought up—purchased gizzard and breeches, by the Papists of Kentucky. It is entirely devoted to the interests of the Papal Hierarchy.—It is the special mouth-piece and defender of the Romish policy. It has slandered, vilified and abused Protestants and Protestant Ministers; while in the same issues, it lauded the Papists and Priests to the skies!

The whole and sole object of the vile personal attack upon "The Shelby News," and its Editor, is intended to break down the paper. Why? Because of its long continued, uniform, and unswerving opposition to political Romanism; because we would not sacrifice our cherished principles, and stultify ourself, by supporting WILLIAM PRESTON, the anti-American, semi-Papal Candidate for Congress.—That is the secret of this base and unscrupulous attack on the part of the "Times." "The Shelby News" is in the way of the Papal Hierarchy of Kentucky.—It informs its readers of the nefarious schemes of the Papists to subvert the institutions of the country; and exposes the intrigues of the anti-American semi-Papal Demagogues, who are courting the Papists and Foreigners, catering to their prejudices and schemes for the sake of office and place.

What think the people of Shelby county of the estimate that the "Louisville Daily Times," the special Papish organ of Col. WILLIAM PRESTON, and of "The Free Press," places upon their integrity, intelligence, and honesty and morals? Will you not, fellow-citizens, hurl back upon the infamous slanderers and their endorsers, in a tone of thunder, your rebuke, on the first Monday in August?

Because Col. WILLIAM PRESTON and his friends, find you are TOO FOOLED TO BE BRIBED WITH HIS GOLD;—too honest to be seduced by their intrigues;—too intelligent to be deceived by their falsehoods and misrepresentations; you are TRADUCED, SLANDERED, VILIFIED, and LIED UP, upon, in the most reckless manner. The money so liberally distributed; the circulation by the Papal Church of Col. PRESTON's Catholic Speech, and Dr. BULLOCK's Epistle; and the thousands of anti-American circulars, and documents—filled with vile falsehoods and base misrepresentations, have failed to mislead you; have failed to make you forsake principles; have failed to make you swerve from the line of duty your consciences point out for you to pursue; and hence the flood-gates of Papal anti-American vice and unprovoked allusion to Hon. J. C. CRITTENDEN, to the American party and to Congress, respectively.

—Their offence hath that extent—no more!

Is there a man in Shelby county, who dares deliberately vote for Col. PRESTON, after he reads the article of the "Times?" Will any one so stultify himself as to endorse the slanders cast upon the whole people of the county?

Col. PRESTON, says the "Times," "will be beaten in Shelby county 500 or more,"—because the people of that county are *petty upstart leaders; a representation of the reformed highwayman*—"and the *puritan and blackleg* combined in the same person; adle-headed and thin-pated old men and women; knaves and numskulls, with, at long intervals, an honest man!"—[at the few, we presume, who may vote for PRESTON]—"fanatic demagogues and unscrupulous tricksters;" and, "because such is the character of the people of Shelby county, the friends of Col. PRESTON" continues the "Times," "will understand why it is that Shelby county will vote against him by some 500 majority."

ANOTHER SLAVE EXCITEMENT.—We had another "slave rescue" yesterday morning. The circumstances we are informed, are as follows: Not long ago, a young Cuban gentleman, the son of a wealthy planter in the "gem of the Antilles," was arrested by order of his government, upon the charge of sending an order to Springfield Mass., for five hundred muskets. This part was, by previous arrangement, moored for his reception. The young Cuban took lodgings at one of our principal hotels. Yesterday morning the Captain of the General Taylor took the negro to convey him to his master, who wanted him for a body servant. On the wharf, a party of negroes met the Captain and the slave, and told the latter he was free but the Cuban negro did not understand them. Several white men came to the aid of the Captain, and a scuffle ensued. Finally the negroes triumphed, and carried away their Cuban friend, since which he has not been heard from.—*Philadelphia Gazette*.

Dr. Matthews.—The "noble model excellency's" filth-sewer, the Frankfort "Yeoman," reiterates its bad falsehood, that Rev. J. D. MATTHEWS, is an Emancipationist. And the "Louisville Times," backs its brother-libellers. In 1851, when

SUPERIOR FRUIT.—We are indebted to Mr. SAM'L VENABLE for some very superior early Apples and Plums. To Mr. G. W. RAMSEY, for a bunch of twin apples, in number.

To our COETEPOURIES.—The article headed "Tally, ho," published in the Shelby News of the 25th inst., charging Gov. Powell with writing an edition which appeared in the "Frankfort Yeoman" is a simple lie; and its author is a liar and a scoundrel. Neither Gov. Powell nor Grant Green knew anything about said article, until they saw it in the Yeoman. We write to our editor to get up the best we can without the assistance of Gov. Powell, Grant Green, or any other man.

It is the method of a contemporary to mislead some of those who might be induced to believe the slanders of the liar who edits the Shelby News.—*Frankfort Yeoman*.

The above is absolutely withering in manner and matter! What elegancies of diction, what ease and grace of style!—yet, how positive, terse, and brief! How like the chaste and decorative style of his "noble, potent, model-excellency," the present illustrious and accomplished Governor of Kentucky!—Why, Governor, the likeness is perfect! you have a style so *sui generis*, that none can mistake it! Ah! Governor, it is selfish in you to contribute regularly only to one paper of your party.—However, we suppose you are so busy remitting Irish, and Negro fines, for liquor selling, etc., and in superintending the small matters connected with the county organization, that you hardly have time to write more than is printed in a tri-weekly!

—But, we must not forget the boys! Why, boys, how ridiculous the Governor makes you appear, by the above paragraph! The senior was publicly and privately denounced, a few days ago, by Judge HARRITT, and to his face; and he stalk away to seek the medium of his dirty little paper to *pole cat* the Judge. The junior was *delicately* reminded of some inaccuracy of expression, in terms not unlike those used by the Governor, in his paragraph above, we are informed, by Mr. H., at a hotel in Frankfort the other day. Now, boys, people in your town will say, that you go a long ways from home to find an insult, when they are so plenty at home! Still, we have no objection to letting you blow off a little gas in our direction; provided, you keep at a distance of twenty-two miles this warm weather! So *phissage* boys!

TALLY HO!—The Frankfort "Yeoman,"—the organ of that "noble model excellency," Laz. W. POWELL, need not swagger their hards words at us. We know what westerly, and its vile falsehood cannot disprove our statements. Even in Frankfort, the "Yeoman" is regarded as a mere vehicle of falsehoods, billingsgate vituperation, and the lowest blackguardism.—The anti-American leaders only use it as one of the sewers to convey off from the party, the filth and virus that collect in the heat of their political campaigns. We disregard the personalities of the "Yeoman," as we would those of any other debouches and drunken rascals. With such men as the Editors of that sheet we will never hold controversies: we would no sooner engage with them in a controversy than we would engage in a battle with a skunk.—In either case, we would get the worst of the battle, even in a triumph over them. We shall denounce their villainous and bald lies and slanders, whenever we see proper, regardless of the opprobrious epithets they may hurl at us in their writhings, and which abuse us as the idle and harmless grinning of impotent hyenas.

DOES HE?—Wonder if the senior Editor of that little paper called the "Yeoman," finds time to attend to his duties as Clerk of the Penitentiary! Will the "Commonwealth inform us? We rather think he is behind with those books.—If so, we must touch him up! He had just as well get his "noble, potent, model excellency" to give him a lift up there, as in his sanctum, *Taken for Granted Green*, is great or public instruction however, his friends say—send him up to post the books!

GRANT GREEN.—Wonder if this distinguished literary individual feels happy, the other night, at the Mansion House in Frankfort, cooped up with a lot of Dutch and Irish liquor-venders, consulting upon the subject of "raising money," for electioneering purposes? Don't you deny it, sir;—we will prove it to you on—One of the crowd so stated to a gentleman on Main street in your city, (by mistake,) that the object of the meeting was to raise funds; and that your party were defeated, unless money was raised. Oh! what a Superintendent of Public Instruction! What! will you teach the youth of Kentucky to emulate your example, and herd with the foreign law-breakers, in a scheme to corrupt public morals? If so, the people will send you back to Henderson, and perhaps rural associations may better your morals!

THE "NOBLE, POTENT MODEL-EXCELLENCE" AND HIS CABINET.—Oh! what a constellation of genius! when a mass of mind!—what a school of morals!! When they shall pass away, the sun, moon, and stars of the political firmament, will all set, and no light will illumine the path of the unfortunate successor! What calamities will befall the city of Frankfort! the poor Dutch and Irish, who are too lazy to work, and who have for four years sold liquor, to destroy the white and corrupt the black population, will have no friend to remit the fines which twelve good and lawful men shall inflict upon them, for violating the laws of the State. The vagabonds and Irish and Dutch who need not work, will be the only ones who can earn a living, even from the dissolute slaves of the citizens, will they be gained, find one to open the jail door. These thieving negroes, who breaks open small-banks, and who are too lazy to work to the penitentiary, the law will find no kind hand to lay the lash, and say: "God and do likewise!" This great and growing class of citizens, in and around Frankfort, will have lost a lot and a half.

If any one questions that these results will follow the exit of the present Executive, we will state that we are informed, there has not been a single instance, in Frankfort, where the whole amount of fine money for the sum of one dollar, in the name of the negroes, has been collected. The traffic in liquor has been collected.

Read It.—Let every man read the platform of the Free Germans of Louisville; and let those who cannot read, have it read to them. It is the most barefaced piece of impudence that ever emanated from a set of men—fully characteristic of the impudence and impudence of those aliens who come to this land and receive the privileges of citizenship before they understand the nature and genius of our institutions. We wish every Kentuckian would read and ponder over it; and see to what extent the impudence of these alien Jacobins lead them.

From the Raleigh Star.

Their eye-teeth are out at last, they had to yield them up after many awful contortions of face. Brownson's letter sustaining the whole charge which the American party has preferred against the Romish Hierarchy, has been dragged out of them, and they now stand exposed to the world as having attempted an outrageous fraud on the honest voters of this District! We do not wish the public to forget the history of this letter. At a discussion in Warren county, between Messrs. Shepard and Branch, the former charged that the Papists claim for the Pope of Rome power in temporal matters, or such control over the consciences of the members of his Church, as is incompatible with and dangerous to the freedom of the State, and cited Brownson's Review—(the acknowledged organ of Papacy in this country) to sustain his position.

A case of attempted Prescription. AT HOME IN KY, JULY 27th, 1855. Mr. H. F. MIDDLETON:

It is an old saw, "that all the fools are not yet dead;" and as a proof of this old saying, I will relate a case directly to the point: Mr. J. W. found it necessary to provide his family with "something to eat;" three of his sons had come off to mill or about the house, and arriving at the mill door he喊道, "the miller, the miller, and son made his appearance; when W. inquired of him, if he was a Know-Nothing? He was told by D. that he was. "Then," says W. "you can crack my corn!" And off he went home. He went five miles to Mr. W.'s mill, and there met with another know-nothing miller! Off he went, to another mill, six miles; and on his way he began to reflect upon his *letter end*; if he continued to ask the silly question, that he had put to the two former millers. He resolved to give up the search for an anti-American miller, and came to the conclusion to "grease the third one's head;" pin back his ears, and swallow him whole! Let him be an American or an Anti. But Oh, mercy!—la, me! to his utter surprise he soon learned, that he had found that this miller was a know-nothing too! Then, he traveled home, after a ride of about twenty-two miles to find an anti-American miller! Can you define the word "Proscription"?" Consistency thou art a jewel! Would Mr. Branch have continued to read "garbled extracts" from the letter had not Mr. Shepard exposed the *whole* of it? However this may have been, the next day in the discussion at Warren county Mr. B. repudiated his own witness.

AN OBSERVER OF FACTS AND THINGS.

FOREIGN INTERFERENCE.—THINGS DEMANDING CONSIDERATION.—THE HON. F. K. ZOLLINGER delivered a very able and eloquent speech at Nashville, Tenn., on the 16th inst. He vindicated in the most triumphant manner the truth and justice of the American principles. We make the following extract from the speech, which we earnestly commend to the attentive consideration of our readers. The letter of Dr. Anderson, a distinguished Democrat, written as it was thirteen years ago, under the impulse of personal observation of the sentiments and character of the people that migrated to this country, cannot fail to have that weight with the sound thinking men of the country that it so eminently merit. The reader will observe, in this short extract, there is more weight of authority than is often found in the same space:

The monarchies of Europe, says the Duke of Richmond, will connive at sending us a surplus of "low," "excitable, dissatisfied" population, who "will bring with them their principles" and adhere to their ancient notions of "government, laws, manners, customs, and religions; and will transmit them to their posterity." &c. &c. What a coincidence between this and Mr. Jefferson's opinion. From these "absolute monarchies," says Mr. Jefferson, "we are to expect the greatest number of emigrants. They will bring with them the principles of the governments they leave, imbibed in their early youth." These principles, with their language, they will transmit to their children," &c. Again the English noble says: "Hence, discord, dissension, anarchy, and civil war will ensue." Mr. Jefferson—"They infuse into (the government) their spirit, warp and blast its directions, and render it a heterogeneous, incoherent, distracted mass." "I have conversed," says the Duke, "with many of the sovereigns and princes of Europe; and given by him to his candidate to be used against us; but to out of their own mouths are they convicted of being the open and acknowledged defenders of the Papal power. The "Warren News" need not be alarmed. We shall not follow the example of Mr. Branch, and "give garbled extracts from the letter," but "copy it entire," and as copied, it proves all we wish. Look at it! Can any man who reads mistake its meaning? Can such language as the following be misunderstood?

"The Pope is the proper authority to decide for me, whether the Constitution of this country is or is not repugnant to the laws of God. If he decides that it is not, as he has decided, then I am bound in conscience to obey every law made in accordance with it; and under no circumstances can he absolve me from my obligation to obey, or interfere with the administration of government under it, for the civil government is free to do according to its constitution whatever it pleases, that is not repugnant to the laws of God, or to natural justice. That is free to do more than that, I presume no man in this country will pretend. I have made these remarks to aid you to understand the doctrine of the articles to which I have called your attention.

You are a stranger to me, but I take you to be a serious-minded man, and a lover of truth and justice; as such I have addressed you. I have no doctrines or opinions that I wish to conceal. I am a Catholic. As such, I aim to be true to my God, and to my fellow-men.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant, O. A. BROWNSON.

HON. J. DAVIS, Esq., Warrenton, N. C.

George Leavenworth, who was so seriously wounded in his duel with Breckinridge formerly of Louisville, near Niagara, is rapidly recovering. He yet remains where he was conveyed after the encounter, when his parents also are. The wounded man has born his sufferings with great coolness; his constitution has not been in the least impaired; the broken limb has commenced to knit, and it is feared may be a quarter or even half an inch shorter; but it is thought that surgical science may be able to prevent such a result.

HON. T. F. MARSHALL A CANDIDATE FOR THE LEGISLATURE.—A letter from Versailles says: "Capo. T. F. Marshall has consented to run against Goodloe, [the American candidate for the House of Representatives.] He will be very badly beaten."

You will find in the article entitled "Two

The Garland.

MY FLOWER.
I have a fair and gentle flower,
Whose sweets are all my own;
Whose bower but for perfection rare
Blows but for me alone;
And O, I feel a blue divine
At evening's holy hour,
When stars are beaming upon high,
And I beside my flower.

O, God has given to this flower,
This living gem of mine,
A fair and gentle flower,
A soul that is divine;
An azure eye that smiles beneath
A fringe of golden hue;
Two smiling lips, where love's own sweets
Are melting kindly through.

This is the world that I want,
This is my joy, my home;
And I am happy, when
I'm sitting by her side,
And looking in her loving face
So innocent and fair;
To see the pure and purity
And love that glows within.

O, I could weep for her from home;
And shield her from the chilling blasts
By love's almighty arm;
Yes, Carrie dear, I pray that God
May give her all that I can give,
For then to me art I dear all,
Thee art this gentle flower.

Miscellaneous.

Secrets of the Confessional.

The preparations had been made for a grand festival in the Church of Magdalene, at Girent, and according to the usage on such occasions, the whole interior was decorated with flowers and tapestry. The workmen had quitted the sacred edifice in a body at mid-day, and throughout reigned that solemn and peculiar stillness which in the temples of the Catholic faith, is felt to exercise an influence the more edifying and sublime.

Two gentlemen passed to and fro in the long aisle which skirts the north side of the building. They were conversing in a subdued tone, and seemed to regard the cool shady church as being well adapted for the purposes of a public promenade. One of them, who might be of the age of about fifty, was of robust frame, tall, and strongly built, with a countenance thoughtful and somewhat stern, but in which no single passion seemed to have a trace. The other, of slender figure, and the first bloom of manhood, whose handsome features were characterized by an expression the most intellectual and refined, turned his dark and almost feminine eyes with an earnest glance in every direction, as if he had something of special interest to communicate.—

It was the architect who had designed and superintended the decorations for the *fête* of the ensuing day. He had but recently completed his studies at Rome. His name was Giulio Balzetti. On a sudden the younger man stood still. "Marquis," he said, in that confidential tone which is used in addressing a person with whom one is in habits of daily intercourse, "I will impinge to you—half in jest—a secret which, I believe, is known to no human being except myself. You have, perhaps, heard of the strange tricks which are sometimes played upon builders by law of nature which regulates the transmission of sounds, and which modern science has denominated 'Acoustics'—played upon us, indeed, when we have the reason to accept or deserve them. Through an every-day occurrence, by the merest accident, I was lately made acquainted with the fact that from this spot, on the very slab of white marble on which we are now standing, the slightest whisper at the other extremity of the aisle—I mean in the last of the confessional boxes which you see—is distinctly audible; though a person stationed on any other part of the intervening ground—how near soever to the place where the sounds proceeded—would not be able to catch a single word. Remain where you are for a few minutes, while I proceed to the confessional, which I have indicated, and you will indeed be wonder-struck by this extraordinary freak of nature."

The architect hastened away; but he had not proceeded many paces when the marquis heard a significant whisper, the purport of which sufficed in an instant to put his whole frame with the most fearful emotion. He stood transfixed to the ground, as though he had been touched by a wand of enchantment—his features pale and rigid as the marble, while the extreme attentiveness portrayed in his ordinarily tranquil visage betokened that some tidings of awful import were falling upon his ears. He moved not a limb—he scarcely breathed—he was like one standing on the brink of a precipice, in all the horror of an impending fall into the abyss—and his rolling eyeballs and visibly throbbing heart were the only signs of existence.

Balzetti was now returning. "The experiment cannot be tried at present," he said, with a smile, before he had rejoined his companion. "The confessional is at this moment occupied, and as far as I could observe, by a lady closely veiled. But, gracious heavens! marquis, what has come over you on a sudden?"

The marquis pressed one finger upon his lips, in the manner usual with Italians, and continued in the same immovable position. At the end of a few minutes, he drew a deep sigh—the statue then became instinct with life, and stepped forth from the magic circle.

"It is nothing, my dear Giulio," he said, in his usual familiar tone. "Above all things, do not imagine that I am superstitious; but, to speak candidly, the surprising and mysterious nature of your communication has affected me in a way I cannot explain. Let me go—I shall soon recover myself in the open air." As he spoke, he took the arm of Balzetti familiarly, and accompanied him beyond the city gate to the public walk, when, after a few turns, the two gentlemen separated.

"We shall see you to-morrow, after the ceremony, at the villa," said the nobleman. Farewell!"

At an early hour the following morning, the marquis opened the door of ante-chamber of his wife's apartment. At the same moment the *femme de chambre*, her looks betraying the utmost astonishment and alarm, entered the room by a door on the opposite side.

"Has your lady rung the bell?" asked the marquis.

"Not yet, your excellency," answered the girl, curtsying and blushing deeply.

"Then wait here until you are summoned," returned the marquis, who turned from the bed chamber. He was on the point of stepping within the latter, when his young and beautiful wife stood before him in a morning robe, hastily thrown on as she had risen from her bed. The marquis paused—it might be in a momentary restless transport of admiration of her charms; but, without beckoning, the least observation of her uneasiness—of the inward tempest which had already chased the color from her cheek, and was yet more sensibly manifested as her bosom began to heave

tumultuously beneath the snowy night dress.

"You are up unusually early this morning, Antonio," she said, in a voice scarcely audible, and with a faint smile, blushing insignificantly at the same moment.

"Can you wonder, Lauretta, my heart's treasure?" said the marquis, in the most endearing tone—Can you wonder that I seek your presence early and late? And yet, my beloved, the present visit has an additional object. You are aware that this is the *fête* of the Holy Magdalene, and that a grand ceremony will be solemnized in honor of the day. It has occurred to me that I might prepare myself for my devotions by the contemplation of that exquisite Magdalene of Guido, which hangs in our chamber. May I venture? he continued, with the extreme of deference in his manner, approaching the door slowly, but with determination, as he spoke.

"All is in disorder within," said the young wife, casting a hurried glance through the half-opened door; but go in for a few moments. I will meanwhile begin to dress in this room.

"How beautiful!" he exclaimed, in a voice of simulated rapture. "How bewitching is this disarray! These robes carelessly scattered about—these tiny slippers that protect and grace the most delicate of feet! There is a balminess in the air—something celestial and exotic. The spirit of poetry breathes around me."

He fixed a scrutinizing glance on the bed, the silken coverlet of which appeared to have been taken up and then carefully spread, while underneath he could discern the contour of a human figure, which, to be as little observable as possible, was stretched at full length.

"I will sit down for a short time," said the marquis, in a tone the most gentle and composed, "and feast my eyes at my leisure on this masterpiece of genius."

As he uttered these words, he took the large white pillow profusely trimmed with Brussels lace, and deliberately placed it on the part of the bed on which he judged that the head of the intruder must be resting—then flung himself upon it with the whole weight of his stalwart frame, pressing at the same time with his right hand and with his utmost strength on the breast of the concealed author of his dishonor. Without being to be in the least degree aware of the convulsive death struggles of his victim, the marquis proceeded in unfeeling tones:

"How absolutely perfect is this work of art! With what a chaste and dignified figure the lovely penitent is striving to conceal her bosom, and snowy neck, with her finely moulded arms and long auburn tresses; while, with a tearful glance of pious remorse, she gazes upwards to the throne of mercy and forgiveness! One almost becomes a poet in the contemplation of such a masterpiece! Alas! that I am without the gift of the improvisatore! Lauretta, as I know not how, to poetrize on this inspiring theme, I will relate to you an incident which occurred yesterday. Our young friend, Giulio Balzetti, accompanied me to the Church of La Madalena, and as we were promenading in one of the isles, he made me remark a particular point of the floor, on which he requested that I would stand still; for from that spot, he said, I should distinctly hear a whisper from the remotest part of the building. And, indeed, so it was! At the other point stands the confessional box, Number six. I had scarcely stationed myself on the slab of marble which he had indicated to me, when I heard a whisper of angelic sweetness—whose whispered voice is known to Heaven alone!—hear the fair penitent unbosom herself to the father confessor of her heart's pain and her little venial sins.

"She had a husband," she said, "whom she loved; yes, and he loved her in return, He was kind to her—he allowed her to the utmost liberty; in short she was disposed to do him justice—she would require his affection as far as lay in her power—God help her! but the truth must be declared, she loved another! She did not mention his name; it would have annoyed me to hear it—some one of our handsome young cavaliers, no doubt. Well—the loved another."

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